THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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A Letter on the Present State of Switzerland, addressed by a Traveller in that Country to his Friend in London.

ZURICH, AUGUST, 1805.

YOU need never to be at a loss for a walk in and about Zurich. If you will follow the crowd, you may frequent the new parade, the Lindenhof, the promenade along the clear Linmat running from the lake through the town, or the Schutzenplatz; but for the true enjoyment of nature you must leave the town, and take a nearer view of its famous lake, the banks of which are more cultivated and populous, and combine more beauty, variety, and simplicity, than almost any other in Switzerland. Its greatest length is about thirty miles, its breadth three, and its depth in many places one hundred fathoms.

An aquatic excursion on the lake is the favourite diversion of the inhabitants, as well as travellers. On fine summer-days, and in the season of autumn, it is thronged with gondolas and barks occupied by chearful and numerous parties. But alas! how lately was it a scene of war instead of diversion, when its waters, like those of most lakes in Switzerland, bore armed sloops instead of pleasure-boats, and were reddened either by the blood of the slain, or the reflection of the flames from the burning villages. On this lake the intrepid Williams commanded the armed flotilla of the allies.

It is, however, no less pleasing and interesting to traverse the borders of the lake either on horseback or on foot. To have the full enjoyment of such an excursion, I selected a fine serene day, and setting off in the afternoon, went by Wellahofen, Kilchberg, and Ruschlicken, as far as Thalwyl and Oberrieden. The church of the latter place, in particular, commands a

most extensive prospect of the whole lake, with its banks, hills, mountains, and craggy rock, which, viewed either by the glimmer of the evening, or morning light, is enchanting beyond description.

The next morning, continuing my route through a succession of fine scenery, I reached Richterwiel in three hours, where a second spacious and grand bason expands to view.

Richterweil has no longer the attraction of the philanthropic physician Dr. Hotze. He survived his friend Lavater but a short time, and died abroad. His brother, the general, fell, lamented both by friend and enemy, honourably for his country, two years after, on the passage of the French over the Linth.

From Richterweil to Rapperswiel is two hours ride, which I took at my leisure after dinner. I was drawn aside to visit the inhabited island of Ufnau, which deserves the notice of the traveller, not only for the beauty of its prospects, but for its ancient chapels, one of which contains the now fallen tomb of Ulrich von Hutten, a truly singular man, who was a poet, warrior, courtier, and hermit, in succession. On his tomb is the following inscription, " Hic eques auratus jacet, oratorque disertus, Huttenus vates, carmine et ense potens."

The way from Rapperswiel through Stafenmeiller and Kissnach, brought me back to Zurich in five hours and a half very commodiously.

It was in the places just mentioned that Lavater, in pure love for his country, attempted by the power of his eloquence to stem the tide of anarchy which threatened the dissolution of all order and government. From the luxuriant banks of the Zurich lake, from Stafen and Horgen in particular, the spirit of dissaffection and rebellion spread their baneful influence over once-happy Helvetia. In the years 1785 and 1786 I saw these peasants of the lake tranquil and chearful, living in abundance, and even in such elegance as we can seldom expect to see in ordinary villages. How then does it grieve me, twenty years after, to behold this land of prosperity and natural beauty profaned and desolated by party rage. The perverse conduct of these, as well as the Basle peasantry, (who are both occupied in manufactures,) in the hour of their country's danger, strikingly exemplifies the remarks of a late Swiss traveller on the two classes of labourers.

" The manufacturer (says he,) is discontented: the example of town-extravagance before his eyes creating in him superfluous necessities: he is intemperate, because he often gains with little trouble; he is licentious and extravagant, he is turbulent and mischievous, because his mechanical labour leaves his mind unoccupied. The mountaineer or husbandman, on the contrary, is honest and sincere: no seduction awakens his desires:

sires: he is temperate, his gains being small, and his income so gradual as to prevent a momentary abundance: he is contented inasmuch as he knowns only the wants of nature, which are more easily gratified than artificial ones."

Another more extensive excursion than the former, which I made to Baden and the country adjacent, afforded me many other observations.

The little town of Baden is accessible on all sides by main roads crossing each other. One of these, a broad paved way, lined with churches, dwelling-houses, barns, &c. leads down to a narrow plain somewhat raised above the bed of the boisterous Limmat, that winds by a tumultuous course out of the valley. From this spot bubble up the hot springs that rise from underneath the stream, and which are known all over Europe for the abundance of their waters. They are the same as those mentioned by Tacitus, and were resorted to by the sick of all descriptions. This cavern of the earth, which had from time immemorial harboured no small portion of human misery, became by this means a centrical point for all the pleasure and magnificence that Helvetia could produce; so that, in 1417, we find Poggi rapturously describing, in his well known epistle to his friend Leonardo Aretin, the delights of his residence at Baden. A change of taste, an increase of luxury, and a love of variety, have drawn multitudes from these to other rival baths; so that accommodations which a hundred years ago would have suited the nobility, are now despised even by the class of citizens, and the sulphurous springs appear to have lost their efficacy.

The country of Baden, its fields, rocks, hills, springs and river in this part, abound in antiquities of every kind, particularly in the natural or artificial dice formerly in such general use.

From Baden I extended my route to the secularized abbey of Konigsfelden, and farther on to Schinznach and Hapsburgh. Konigsfelden was not the field of a triumphant king, (as its derivation leads some to suppose,) but that of the murdered Albert of Austria, the second emperor of this house, who was killed by his nephew Duke John on his passage over the Aar. Abandoned by every body except a young peasant girl who nursed him in his last moments, he expired in her arms May 1, 1308. Elizabeth his widow, and Agnes his daughter, after having satiated their revenge by the sacrifice of many noblemen in the adjacent country, founded, as is well known, this magnificent convent. The high altar was fixed on the spot where Albert departed this life, and monuments and inscriptions have eternized these two princesses, who in their rage confounded the innocent with the guilty.

At present Konigsfelden is in a perfect state of decay, possessing no other memorials of its former grandeur but the id arms and windows, which represent the history of its royal builders. The adjoining village of Windisch, which was the far-famed Vindonissa in the time of the Romans, is a still greater monument of the transitory grandeur of this world. Many coins and other vestiges have been dug out of it; and a Roman aqueduct is still remaining, through which Konigsfelden is supplied with water. This place inclosed the whole country as far as the castle of Altenburg.

Brugg, a fine little town in the way to Schinzach, is entitled to notice, as the birth-place of the celebrated Zimmermann, a man who in his latter days was blackened by his enemies, but died in the undiminished esteem of all who knew him. You will join with me as I stand over his grave, and wish peace to his ashes.

Aarau, the principal place in the new canton of Argau, and a very short distance from Brugg, has acquired celebrity in the present day from the events which it has witnessed. Here the last Swiss diet was held, and, when dissolved through the intrigues of Mengaud, it was concluded by the noble speech of the Zurich burghermaster Wyss, whose patriotism in the end involved him in many difficulties, and finally occasioned his imprisonment. Here also the directory of the Helvetic republic, one and indivisible, fixed its sittings; and the number of executions which took place during their government, either with or without their consent, excited such a bitterness among the country people against Aarau, that upon the general insurrection of the people in 1803, the leaders of the armed peasantry had the greatest difficulty to restrain their followers from the indulgence of their resentment against it.

Schinznach, a village lying near the banks of the Aar, is famous for the baths called after its name. These waters were discovered in the year 1658, were lost by the overflowing of the river, and found again in 1690, and defended by dams against the stream. They are now much used for bathing and drinking. A vast concourse of people from all quarters are attracted thither either for the purpose of pleasure or health. In no place, perhaps, double the size, is there so great a variety of carriages to be seen as in this, particularly on Sundays; after divine service has been performed in the long-room, all is here gaiety, vivacity, and bustle, according to the usual style of keeping the sabbath on the continent.

These baths deserve the name of Hapsburg rather than Schinznach, which is much more distant from them, and not on the same side of the river. From the venerable ruins of the Hapsburgh castle, the birth-place of so many German princes, you perceive a groupe of houses forming the bath in a pleasant retired

retired spot. The agreeable mixture of field and wood, hill and dale, dwelling-houses and cross-roads, present the view of a Dedalian garden, that tempts the wanderer to traverse its bounds. Near Hapsburg there is a beacon still standing, which may be kindled upon important occasions, such as existed in the late revolution; in which case straw is used by night, and wood by day.

On my return from Baden to Zurich I placed myself in a boat, that carried me, without any exertions of the waterman, seven English miles in an hour. This quick passage was rendered doubly agreeable to me by a constant change of scene, from open country and distant villages, to cultivated banks covered with well-built seats, convents, and farm-houses, or huge clifts, thick woods, and verdant hills.

This whole tract between the Limmat and Reuss, and along the Aar and the Rhine, suffered incalculably in the last war, from the constant passing and residence of foreign troops, the frequent battles and contested passages of the rivers. Both the roads leading from Baden to Zurich were scenes of bloodshed and slaughter between the Russians and French, in the year 1800, on Massena's crossing the Limmat. The Russians stood in the foot-path on one side the river, and the French in the high-road of the other side. The latter succeeded in crossing near Dietikon. Between Weiningen and a little acclivity is a place where two thousand Russian grenadiers opposed themselves to a numerous body of the enemy, who brought them to the ground by a distant fire of cartridge, but were not able to move them from the point they occupied. Numberless dwellings, and even whole villages, were reduced to ashes, and the inhabitants subject not only to the hardship of having soldiers quartered on them, but of enduring their oppressions and ill-treatment, the whole country being devastated and drained by both parties, particularly the villages on the Limmatt and Glatt, and betwixt the Thur and Toss, where every thing was laid waste by fire and sword. In addition to these evils they were deprived of their ordinary means of living. Thus, for example, the passage of the Rhine was cut off from Coblentz; the Zurzachers were prevented from having their fairs; and Baden lost its visitors at the waters. At Kaiserstul they could neither get in the harvest or till the fields on the other side the Rhine. This latter place lost half its population, while at the same time a mortal disease raged amongst its cattle. The inhabitants are, however, now beginning to recover themselves.

R.

THE

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

IT has long been remarked that this world is a true comedy, and, divided into halves, reciprocally laugh at each other. Though the *ton* of high life diffuses a kind of sameness over itself, which has given rise to the idea that upper life is nothing but a masked ball, it is, nevertheless, in that sphere alone men must be studied.

The art of contrast, as striking on the dramatic scene as in nature, shines in those scenes with all their lustre, and may readily be discriminated by an attentive observer; after having seen some excellent copies at the theatres, we have always been much gratified in the meeting of the originals in society. I do not know if that species of disposition is an eulogium on our hearts, but it exists, and most assuredly is the satyr of the world as it is.

I was acquainted some time since, and was, indeed, very intimate with two people, whose characters were extremely sympathetic. Perhaps even, and I must acknowledge it, the pleasure they procured me by their caprice inspired in me much friendship for them; that infatuated egotism penetrates itself every where, and we sometimes extol the people we have occasion for, to dissemble the necessity we have for their acquaintance.

However that may be, it is impossible to meet two persons of more opposite characters, and what is astonishing, of more affection for each other. They could not do without each other; and could not see each other without quarrelling. One said black expressly because the other said white; if the former persisted that two and two are four, the latter would have said that it was a ridiculous error, and he would not be made the dupe of the argument.

One morning I called at one of their houses. He was in his study. "My good fellow," said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am one of the most fortunate of men in the world, look and you will see my chest has been robbed." "Yes," I answered, "I perceive the lock has been forced, but I do not exactly discover what there is to excite such rejoicing." "How blind you are," he replied, rubbing his hands, and evincing by all his actions the greatest joy, "don't you see that the thieves who robbed my chest have not found the five hundred pounds that were concealed in it? They have taken two hundred and fifty pounds from the chest, and have left five hundred pounds in the secret drawer; was there ever any thing so fortunate? Yes, my friend, I conceive myself the most fortunate man in the world; if they had discovered the secret drawer I should have been completely and inevitably ruined."

He

He was in the extasy of joy; he did not think of the two hundred and fifty pounds he was robbed of; he thought only of the five hundred pounds he had saved. As to me, I had some difficulty to compliment him; I could not reconcile myself to that kind of fortune; I, however, admired what we call philosophy, which is often considered according to the idea of the object.

I went to see my other friend, to relate the scene I had witnessed. I found him with a paper in his hand, anger in his eyes, and invective in his mouth. "The rascals," said he, "will not be satisfied 'till they have drove me to the workhouse; don't you think," said he as I entered, "don't you think, my dear fellow, that I am right? here is the receipt of my expences for the year, it is double what it was the preceding; I am exasperated beyond measure; I will dismiss every scoundrel of them." "You should dismiss them," said I, "if they have deceived you; but I think I perceive that if the bill is double this year, the crops are also four times more abundant than last year." "That has nothing to do with it," he replied, "I am robbed, I am ruined, I am one of the most unfortunate of men." Instead of sharing his grief, and encouraging his complaints, I began to relate the adventure of the robbed chest, and the joy his friend evinced in discovering he had not lost the whole of his property. I told him the whole.

He answered that his friend was mad, and should be put into a mad-house. His friend, to whom I afterwards related the adventure of his bill of expences, positively said the same thing of him.—"He is a fool, and should be put in a mad-house."

It is, therefore, true that every man has his whim, and we only see those of others.

It is also true, that one half of the world laughs at the other half.

To draw a kind of moral from the above, this inference may be cited for an apologue, that the more we have lived in the world, the more we incline to be indulgent. Cowardice is said to engender cruelty, and it is solitude and ignorance that produce and encourage intolerance.

J. B. B.

Historical Notice of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

THESE two countries, the seat of tremendous volcanoes, have been agitated in all ages by political convulsions still more dangerous than those of nature. The name of Sicily is equivalent to the most ancient field of battle, and the

theatre of the most brilliant actions. The calamities of Naples date no farther back than the period of the decline of the Roman empire; the taking of that city in 543 immortalized Totila, who treated its inhabitants with a humanity truly affecting.

After the establishment of the exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces which now compose the kingdom of Naples were successively desolated by the Lombards, the Greeks, the Saracens, the Normans, the Germans, the Hungarians, the French, the Spaniards; and all these wars not only altered the character of the Neapolitan nation, but produced a strange mixture in its manners; the people retained almost all the vices of these different nations, but preserved scarcely any of their virtues. Beneath the most beautiful sky in Europe were committed the most atrocious crimes. The populace of Naples acquired a celebrity unfortunate for their rulers, and became as seditious and as depraved as the populace of Rome. These revolutions have been described by an author in a work entitled, "The thirty-five Rebellions of the most faithful People of Naples." The calculation of this writer is very moderate; twice the number might be reckoned up were we to take the trouble to penetrate into that labyrinth of tragical events which fatigue by their sanguinary uniformity.

The only nation which, in some measure, incorporated itself with the Neapolitans, was that of the Normans, who, as early as the year 1016, fought against the infidels, performed the most signal services for the sovereigns of the country, and obtained various grants from them by way of reward. These auxiliaries, however, behaved in the Two Sicilies as the Anglo-Saxons did in England, they made themselves masters of the whole country. In 1043 they had already founded in Apulia, as well as in Calabria, a great number of principalities, and had driven the Greeks of the eastern empire from the whole south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, and his son, Bohemond, the two heroes of their age, would have overturned the empire of the east had it not been for the courage of Alexis, seconded by all the power of the Venetians. These formidable Normans, whose exploits were at that time the subject of conversation and of wonder in every country, narrowly escaped being involved in a general massacre by the treacherous inhabitants of Apulia. Two of their princes only had the misfortune to fall by the weapons of assassins.

The first duke of Apulia that assumed the title of king, in the year 1130, was Roger II. who carried on war in Africa and the east. The immense riches which the Normans acquired by most of their expeditions, soon corrupted their manners. The indolence, effeminacy, and cruelty of William the Wicked, son of Roger, produced the most atrocious scenes; unworthy

favourites made the people groan beneath the burden of imposts, and Naples witnessed horrors as execrable as those of a Tiberius or a Caligula. During the reign of William II. and Tancred, the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily enjoyed repose; the first merited the esteem and attachment of his subjects, by his benevolence and mildness, and the second, by his clemency and the excellent qualities of his heart.

At length this valiant race of adventurers was humbled and overwhelmed by new disasters; the sceptre passed from the feeble hands of young William III. into those of the emperor Henry VI. the exterminator of all the Norman princes, a monster who, by his assassinations, but too justly deserved the surname of the "Nero of Sicily." Like a second Cambyses he extended his vengeance even to the deceased princes of the dethroned dynasty; he caused the bodies of William II. and his son, Roger, to be taken out of their tombs, and ordered the crowns, which encircled their brows in the abode of death, to be nailed to the heads of two noblemen attached to the blood of their masters.

Heaven punished these multiplied atrocities in the descendants of this monster. Notwithstanding the virtues of Frederick, the founder of the school of Salerno, who patronized the sciences, and successfully cultivated them himself, the innocent Conradin, who had scarcely arrived at the years of manhood, was doomed to be the expiatory victim. Manfred had deprived him of the crown, but this barbarous guardian fell, near Benevento, by the swords of the forlorn hope of Charles of Anjou, who in less than three months found himself in possession of the Two Sicilies. Conradin, accompanied by his cousin, Frederick of Austria, asserted, by force of arms, his claim to the patrimony of his forefathers.

Every thing at first gave way to his impetuous courage; but vanquished at last, in consequence of a fatal error, in the very bosom of victory, he fell into the hands of his most implacable enemies. All Europe shuddered with horror at the recital of the catastrophe which put a period to the life of Conradin. He, with his kinsman Frederick, was sacrificed by ambition on a scaffold in Naples; and the brother of the sainted Louis IX. was the first that set the bold and terrible example of subjecting a crowned head to the axe of executioners. Before he received the fatal stroke, Conradin, who tenderly loved his mother, Elizabeth, exclaimed in anguish, "Oh, my mother, into what affliction will my death plunge you!" This tragical death was preceded by acts of refined barbarity. The prayers for the dead were repeated before the princes, and their funeral was celebrated in their presence. Struck by the lightnings of the Vatican, thus ended the illustrious house of Swabia, one of the most unfortunate that ever swayed the sceptre.

The merciless Charles knew not how to reign as well as to conquer. This imprudent monarch resigned the reins to all the passions of his countrymen, notwithstanding the prudent remonstrances of the popes, who foresaw a revolution in his dominions, and already perceived the destructive fire lurking beneath the perfidious calm of apparent submission. John de Procida, active, discreet, eloquent, flexible, and bold, indignant at being neglected by the conqueror, went to raise up enemies against him in Arragon and at Constantinople, where he received powerful succours in money from the Greek emperor. This new Proteus suddenly rendered himself invisible; disguised in the habit of a cordelier, he every where excited the fury of the people, and roused all Sicily against the French. It was a general revolt and not a massacre, that this Sicilian gentleman had in view. The most judicious historians admit that the bloody catastrophe, known by the name of the Sicilian vespers, was the effect of accident.

It was not the bells of Palermo that gave the signal for the massacre on Easter Monday in the year 1282; the real signal was given by a Frenchman, and the cries of modesty brutally outraged by him in the public street, in the person of a young woman who was going to vespers, were the actual tocsin that summoned the people together, and inspired them with the murderous rage that cost the lives of 28,000 Frenchmen. A proof that this massacre was not premeditated, is, that it did not take place at the same time all over the island.

A great number of provencals endeavoured to get away from this land of slaughter, but none of them were able to effect their escape, because the Sicilians, endued with infernal subtlety, found out an extraordinary method of discovering their victims. The pronunciation of the word *ciceri* was the test by which they were tried, and was the sentence of death on those foreigners who could not repeat it with the same delicacy and the same accent as the natives.

Humanity shrinks from the task of describing all the horrors of which Sicily was the theatre. It is well known that the multitude is capable of the most violent excesses, and that in every age among every nation, it would frequently act these bloody tragedies, were it not restrained by a firm and vigorous government.

Charles was forming vast projects, among others, that of dethroning the Greek emperor, when the intelligence of this disaster arrived to overwhelm, and to extinguish the last spark of life. His descendants, in spite of their utmost efforts to maintain their ground, were driven from Naples as well as Sicily, and were never able to recover that rich and dangerous succession.

After

After these sanguinary executions, the crown of Sicily, separated from that of Naples, was placed on the head of Pedro, king of Arragon, who went, not without fear and hesitation, to reign over this theatre of carnage.

Under Charles the Lame, and Robert, the Neapolitans at length enjoyed happiness, and blessed the paternal clemency of the government. All disputes were extinguished, all animosities ceased, and science diffused her mild beams over minds before involved in darkness, fanaticism, and barbarism. Robert, pious, charitable, humane, pacific, a lover of justice, and named, on account of that quality, the Solomon of his age, a patron of the learned and of poets, himself a poet and a scholar, encouraged the study of sound philosophy, mathematics, astronomy, medicine, caused Aristotle to be translated into Latin, and collected the most valuable works in his library. He was too passionately fond of women; this was almost the only blot among the eminent virtues manifested by this prince. He was brave in battle, and always great even in the midst of misfortune.

About this period Flavio Gioia, a native of Amalfi, reflected honour on the Neapolitan nation by his invention, or rather improvement, of the mariner's compass, that guide which paved the way to the discovery of a new world.

Thus, in the midst of the thickest darkness, the human mind began to experience, in the kingdom of Naples, the effects of a salutary fermentation, when in the reign of Queen Joan, new tragedies, less sanguinary but not less criminal than the preceding, were acted. Andrew, her husband, was strangled by the Neapolitan nobles. This fickle, inconsistent princess, suspected, rather than convicted, of a crime which thrilled her with horror, was anxious to find tribunals to absolve her, and even addressed herself to the celebrated Rienzi, a demagogue who acted the part of Brutus at Rome, and who haughtily assumed the title of august tribune of the universe. He was, however, too politic to decide in such a delicate affair. Posterity, severe in its judgements, will perhaps consider Joan as guilty, because she manifested too openly before Andrew's death, her aversion for her unfortunate husband, whose cause was avenged by Lewis the Great, king of Hungary. The enraged monarch hastened forward at the head of his troops, before whom was borne a banner on which was painted the cruel death of his brother. At the sight of this dismal standard the Neapolitans turned pale, and without making the least resistance, suffered the authors of the crime to be sacrificed in the same gallery of the palace where it had been perpetrated. Joan, who had fled, did not return to her dominions 'till the Hungarians had withdrawn. Having married, for the fourth time, Itho of Brunswick, the latter was unable to main-

tain his ground against Charles de Duras, whom the princess afterwards called to the succession. Though his prisoner, she wished in the sequel to exclude him from it; but to prevent her, he caused his benefactress to be stifled. The new king endeavoured to unite the crown of Hungary with that of Naples, but the attempt cost him his life; two queens whom he had humbled and obliged to lay down their sceptre at his feet, put a period to his life.

Under Ladislaus and Joan II. vice reigned uncontrolled, and, after the example of its sovereigns, the whole kingdom exhibited the most scandalous spectacle of effeminacy and debauchery. Ladislaus made himself three times master of Rome; he was always victorious in battle, but except in the military career, he was unable to command his passions. Despotic, oppressive, sanguinary, incontinent, he expired worn out with debauchery in transports of frenzy. Joan, his sister and successor, was the Messalina of her age. Never satiated with pleasures, this lascivious princess sent back to France her husband, Jacques de Bourbon, that she might indulge in them with greater liberty; and her unworthy galliants, delivered from this restraint, fattened on the tears and the blood of the wretched Neapolitans.

In the year 1414, Alphonso I. ascended the throne, after some opposition from John of Anjou and René the Good. He again united Sicily to the kingdom of Naples, after a separation of 160 years. During this period anarchy had continually desolated that blood-stained island, and the history of the Sicilians is destitute of interesting facts. Violence and disorder, checked by the magnanimity, the virtues, and address of Alphonso I. who made his people happy, resumed their destructive course after the death of that great sovereign, and kept continally increasing under Ferdinand I. Alphonso II. and Frederic.

Charles VIII. re-asserting the rights of the house of Anjou, subdued and quitted Italy and the kingdom of Naples with the same rapidity, after having passed at Fornua close to an army four times as numerous as his own. Naples fell beneath the efforts of Louis XI. and Frederic, the last king of that dynasty, in which flowed the blood of Arragon mingled with that of France, retired to forget in the enjoyments of private life the loss of his throne. His dominions were divided, in 1505, between the French and the Spaniards; the latter, by the artifices of Ferdinand king of Arragon, as much as by the valour of Gonsalvo de Cordova, expelled their rivals from the kingdom of Naples, and declared themselves the sole possessors.

It was then seen what the prudent energy of a good government is capable of effecting in every age and in every country.

The

The devils inhabiting the paradise of Italy were transformed into angels. The Two Sicilies, convulsed by so many shocks, remained quiet under the domination of the viceroys of the king of Spain; and one of them, the famous duke d'Ossuna, commanded at one and the same time, the fear, the respect, and the love of the people.

During the reign of Philip IV. in 1663, a spark produced a violent explosion in Naples: discontented with an impost laid by the duke d'Arcos on vegetables and fruit, a man of the lowest class suddenly raising himself above the crowd, became instinctively the leader of a party and a general. Massaniello directed the hands of fifty thousand men, whom a basket of figs, insolently thrown down by a tax-gatherer, had roused to fury, and instigated to arms.

In a moment assassination was organized in the metropolis. It is scarcely possible to conceive an idea of the ridiculous, puerile, indecent, and sanguinary methods of revenge practised by the unbridled populace. All the nobility, all the tradesmen and citizens, trembled before the terrific Massaniello, who was intoxicated with popular favour, and feasted himself on the most flattering illusions; but the populace, in a moment of caprice soon overthrew this living idol, put him to death, dragged his body along the streets, and threw it upon a dunghill. The next day shedding tears, over their own victim, and reproaching themselves for their excessive cruelty, they honoured Massaniello with a magnificent funeral, the pomp of which was increased by the forced attendance of great numbers of the clergy.

Weary of their sovereignty, fatigued with revolutions, cured of the fever which had exhausted their strength, the populace returned to their duty, notwithstanding the chivalrous prowess of the duke de Puise, who had thrown himself into Naples, and strove to keep alive the flames of civil discord, in the hope of procuring a crown. He could not even gain over Januario Anneze, the new idol of the populace, who was as haughty and as jealous of his power as his predecessor.

This revolution, rather ludicrous than terrible, was succeeded by a profound calm; days of prosperity dawned in this beautiful country, and, the Neapolitans distinguished themselves for manners as polished and as amiable as the other civilized nations of Europe. The arts and sciences flourished among these people, who displayed venerable antiquity to the eyes of astonished Europe in the cities of Pompeia and Herculaneum, and enriched themselves by this commerce, so curious and so new between the living and the dead.

After passing successively under the dominion of Charles II. son of Leopold, and the Emperor Charles VI. the two Sicilies were conquered in 1734, by Don Carlos, who governed them with

with clemency and wisdom. He resigned the sceptre to Ferdinand IV. in 1759, when he ascended the throne of Spain. Such is a concise sketch of the most important events that have occurred in those two states, and which are here recorded without the omission of a single reign.

ANECDOTES *of the* PRINCE *of* HESSE.

IT was not, as some accounts have stated, Prince Frederic, of Hesse Cassel, formerly governor of Maestricht, who commanded at Gaeta, but Prince Ernest, of Hesse Philipsthal, third son of the *ci-devant* governor of Bois le Duc. An English officer, in the expedition under Sir Sidney Smith, recently returned to England, and who has been frequently in Gaeta since the commencement of its siege, gives the following account of the gallant commander of that celebrated fortress: The prince of Hesse Philipsthal is about thirty-eight years of age, very slender, and about five feet eight inches high. His complexion is dark; his manners are extremely affable. He dines every day at one o'clock, and is very partial to gin. Through all dangers and fatigues he preserves an uniform gaiety of temper, and laughs and jokes with every person in the garrison. In his dress he presents an exact model of Frederick the Great of Prussia. It consists of a blue coat, single-breasted, with scarlet facing, and tags to the shoulder: large gloves, that come half way up the arm, and boots that come half way up the thigh, with a huge cocked hat, which comes down close to the eye-brows. This is his constant dress, in which he walks about, with a long cane in his hand. The side of the fortress next to the main land, is not a perpendicular descent, but rather sloping. The ground, however, is a sand, and the fortifications, including two immense ditches, are considered impregnable. The spot which the prince has chosen for his habitation, shews his contempt of danger.—It is a small guard-house, which he has fitted up upon the external line of batteries, next to the besiegers. It is scarcely sufficient to accommodate himself and two or three select and confidential officers, who compose his suite.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

DEVONSHIRE SUMMER ASSIZES.

A Cause in ejectment, important to the parties, and of curious research, came on to be tried at the castle of Exeter, before

before Mr. Baron Thompson, and a special jury, " Doe on the demise of F. Webber, esq. *v.* the Right Hon. Lord George Thynne, and others." The plaintiff, Mr. Webber, is the purchaser from the dean and chapter of the cathedral of St. Peter, Exeter, under the acts of parliament for the sale and redemption of the land-tax, of their manor or borough of East-Teignmouth, tythe of fish, and all their property in East and West-Teignmouth. The defendants are trustees of Lord Viscount Courtenay and his lessees, and tenants of houses newly built upon, and adjacent to, a waste piece of land, near the sea, at East-Teignmouth, called the Den. The object of the action was, to ascertain whether the part of the Den on which these houses were erected, actually belonged to Lord Courtenay, or to Mr. Webber, as representative of the dean and chapter.

On the part of the plaintiff, many very ancient muniments, found in the possession of the dean and chapter, (grants, court-rolls, leases, &c.) were produced in evidence, which established their manor, market, and fair, at East-Teignmouth, and shewed, from the earliest times, receipts of rents, by the dean and chapter, for tenements on the Den. And by later rentals, that a piece of land, called the Den, had been let by name, at a separate rent, with the tythe of fish, for more than a century previous to 1693. And that after the name was omitted, the same rent of 4s. 4d. was continually paid by the lessees of the dean and chapter, up to the time of Mr. Webber's purchase. Some of the houses appeared also to have been built on the scite of the fair.

On the part of the defendants, this property was claimed in right of two manors of Lord Courtenay, called Kenton-Courtenay, and Teignmouth-Courtenay, supposed to be mesne manors within the paramount manor; and the learned counsel stated, that he should produce various ancient leases of this property, and some inquisitions, *post mortem*, taken on the wardship of several infant heirs of the Courtenay family, in which this spot of land was particularly specified.

The attention of the court was engaged during nearly eight hours; and, before any evidence was offered for the defendants, many arguments arose on points of law, particularly as to the construction of clauses, in the numerous acts of parliament relating to the redemption of the land-tax by corporate bodies; and the necessity of a precise specification in their contract, previously to their conveyances, of all the premises conveyed; and of the land-tax of all such premises having been redeemed. The plaintiff then also claimed under a lease granted by the dean and chapter, some time previously to the execution of the conveyance. But here an objection was taken, that the dean and chapter, having only a claim, or suppository right,

could not grant that to another, of which they were not themselves in possession.

The result was, that the judge directed a non-suit, on the ground, as we apprehend, that although the conveyance appeared to pass, in words, all the property of the dean, and chapter, at Teignmouth, to Mr. Webber, yet, as the contract, or certificate of contract, in this case, had not precisely specified the premises in dispute, as redeemed from the land-tax by the dean and chapter, (which, as to the newly-built houses, had been redeemed by Lord Courtenay,) these premises could not, under the land-tax acts, pass by such conveyance; and, with respect to the claim under the lease, his lordship entirely accorded with the objection taken by the learned counsel for the defendant.

Here the cause ended; and this property, if the title be established, will remain at law with the dean and chapter, and not with Mr Webber, the purchaser. The possession remains now with Lord Courtenay.

LONDON FASHIONS *for* AUGUST.

Walking Dresses.

1. A Short dress of white muslin, with work or lace let in round the bottom; front of the dress made strait across the bosom, and trimmed with work or lace: the back and sleeves to correspond. A Spanish cloak drawn in the back, and trimmed all round with work: a quilling of lace round the neck. Straw hat turned up all round, and ornamented with a flower in front.

2. A walking dress of cambric muslin, with a puffing of muslin round the bottom; the dress made high in the neck, with a collar; the front quite plain over the bosom; pocket-holes and bottom of the back trimmed with a frill. Bonnet of pink silk covered with lace; quillings of white net round the front and crown. Slate-colour shoes.

Half-Lengths.

1. Cap of white lace, trimmed with blue riband, and ornamented with a blue flower.

2. Cap of lace and lilac riband, trimmed and ornamented with lilac.

3. A cap of thin muslin and plated riband, with a deep lace round the front, and trimmed with bows of white riband.

4. A cap of net, trimmed with pink riband, and ornamented with a pink wreath.

5. A plain dress of white muslin; a Spanish cloak, gathered full to the edge of a large cape, and tied close round the neck. Bonnet of lavender-coloured silk, covered with spider web, and trimmed with lavender-coloured silk.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are lilac, pink, lavender, and straw. Morning dresses continue to be made of a walking length, trimmed with lace or work. Lace, in particular, is still universally introduced in dresses of every description. The long Spanish cloak is much worn. Fancy hats, and bonnets of various colours, are general.

Method of obtaining Natural Flowers in Winter.

CHOOSE some of the most perfect buds of the flowers that you wish to preserve, preferring such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissars, leaving to each, if it be possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds become a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up, separately, in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting.

In winter, or any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds over night, and cut off the ends of the stem sealed with Spanish wax, and put the buds into water, wherein a little nitre or salt has been infused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display themselves, and breathe their agreeable odours.

Answer, by W. Giles, of Mr. Chivers's School, St. Austell, to S. Phillips's Question, inserted March 3.

THE last equation being a complete square, by extracting the square root of which I get $xyz=2160$; hence $2160 \div z = xy$; this being written in the second given equation for xy, we have $z^2 - 114z = -2160$ (a quadratic), therefore $z=24$, answering per alphabet to x, and from the other two equations the values of x and y are obtained. So that the great statesman required by Mr. Phillips is FOX.

☞ Similar answers have been received from W. Backhouse, of Evercreech; Triangularius, of Evershot; and R. Maffet, of Plymouth.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to T. Scadding's Charade, inserted June 9.

SPRING GROVE, I think, is the gentleman's seat,
Which in your charade you declar'd so compleat.

†§† We have received the like answer from J. S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; F. Allen, J. Butler, and T. Clarke, of Wellington; W. Cross, of Bristol; H. Glasson, of Praze; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; and Allen Sadler.

Answer, by B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse, to Polly Pilchard's Charade, inserted June 16.

MOUSEHOLE, in Cornwall, will unfold,
The mystery that you try'd to hold.

† Similar answers have been received from J. Salter, of Broadhembury; W. D. William Cross, and T. Davis, of Bristol; J. Badcock, and R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; Henry Glasson, of Praze; John Whittle, of Upway; J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; a correspondent of Honiton; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; Ann Dyer, of Manadon House; R. Gidley, jun. and P. C. of Dean Prior; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; Sophia, of Modbury; Thomas Scadding, and T. Clarke, jun. of Wellington; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; Castor, of Marazion; Allen Sadler; E. Nettleton, and M. Duncan, jun. of Plymouth; J. James, of Hinton St. George; and H. Stoneman, J. S. P. Gove, and J. T. Symons, of Exeter.

Answer, by J. Rowden, Jun. of Heytesbury, to W. D. C.'s Anagram, inserted June 23.

DEAR Sir, I've read your mystic lore,
And found the metal to be ORE.

‡‖ The like answers have been received from J. Matthews, of Dartmouth; W. Cross, and W. D. of Bristol; H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; John Whittle, of Upway; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; W. Clarke, jun. of Wellington; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; and P. C. of Dean Prior.

A CHARADE, *by J. A——g.*

MY first describes a path to fame,
Tho' oft the post of guilt and fame;
My second, tho' by some despis'd,
By multitudes is idoliz'd:
Now give my whole a definition,
You'll find a wish'd-for acquisition.

A REBUS, *by R. Trewavas, Junior, of Monsehole.*

THE god who rules the wat'ry main;
A burning mountain next explain:
The son of her you'll last expound
Who was for constancy renown'd:
The initials, join'd, will make appear
What I oft use each day, each year.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HEAVEN.

HOW blest that land, that ever temp'rate clime,
Where all is pure, immortal, and sublime!
Where heaven-congenial souls together meet,
And their void sum of joy at length complete.

How blest that land, that ever temp'rate clime,
Where all is pure, immortal, and sublime!
Where all around is smiling and serene,
Of bliss supreme, one vast unbounded scene.

Where one unwearied sun for ever shines,
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry joy refines:
Where one Almighty Cause for ever reigns,
And the vast heav'n's eternal frame sustains.

How blest those favour'd souls who access find
To this delightful land, and, unconfin'd,
In the gay bow'r, or sweet resounding grove,
Hymn the great wonders of redeeming love!

How blest those happy souls, who here can claim
The glorious meed of never-dying fame!
Who to the Immortal Father joyful come,
And make the heav'ns their everlasting home.

With wreaths of am'ranth and ethereal rose,
Are gayly bound their ever-halcyon brows;
And thro' eternal ages will they shine,
Above all care, celestially divine!

Trent. B. A.

ODE *to the* RIVER FOWEY.

By Dr. WOLCOT.

OH lovely flood! on whose fair banks
I play'd in early youth my pranks,
And often sail'd thy clear expanse along,
And from thy bosom hook'd up fish;
Pollock and bream, a dainty dish,
Salmon and mack'rel, worthy epic song,
Lobster and turbot, and John Dory,
As nice as e'er were put before ye,
Oh epicures! And plaice and mullet,
Fit to descend a *royal* gullet!

Thy margin green, and castles hoar,
Where heroes dwelt and fought of yore,
And smote the daring Gaul with dread,
Boast not a muse to sing their praise,
The tribute of immortal lays,
And cast a glory round their head.

Full

Full oft in summer's golden hour,
We made, in boats, a happy tour,
Full many a nymph, a nymph and swain.
And happy on a verdant bank
Our tea and well-cream'd coffee drank;
While music pour'd her strain,
Loud on the zephyr's pinions borne,
The triumph of the echoing horn.

The walks of Graham and Trefry,
The walks of Hall delight mine eye,
And pleasant valley of Lewire,
With villas on the winding stream,
That rather look of fancy's dream,
And claim the muse's loudest lyre.

Tho' Britain's king and Britain's queen
Are every year at Weymouth seen,
Thy spirits let me chear;
For hark! this instant on the breeze,
In sounds of thunder from the seas,
A voice salutes mine ear.

The majesty of ocean speaks!
And thus the god sublimely breaks:
" Ye rivers list around!
" Tho' some of ye on Britain's coast
" May many a beauty justly boast,
" And much with fish abound;
" Tho' far and wide may fly your name,
" Yet it shall be yon harbour's lot,
" That pretty, yet neglected spot,
" To fill the largest trump of fame.

" Should Amphitrite, and her fair maids,
" Sigh for the shore and rural shades,
" Variety t' enjoy;
" I'd swear by all my brine and fish,
" If such should be the ladies' wish,
" I'll take a house at FOY."

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET *to* A. KYNE, *Jun. of London.*

FRIEND of my youth! whose social converse sweet,
And joyous mirth oft charm'd my earlier hours;
When with enthusiast flame we rov'd to greet
Th' harmonious muse, amid ambrosial bow'rs,

Oh! with what bliss did those bright moments fleet:
Content and health bestow'd their halcyon pow'rs.
We cull'd each charm from fancy's fairy seat,
And pleasure strew'd our path with choicest flow'rs.

But ah! those joys are banish'd for awhile—
Fate hath far distant plac'd thee from my view.
Yet why repine? for hope, with placid smile,
Informs me time will still those joys renew:
And, while remembrance fond my care beguiles,
Brightens the past with pleasure's lustrous hue.

Ashburton, 1806. WILLIAM MANN.